Mass Effect Loops

By: Detective Ethan Redfield

Commander Shepard has entered the infinite loops that will never end. Hilarity is bound to follow.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-02-17

Updated: 2014-11-03

Words: 8369

Chapters: 2

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Humor - Characters: J. Garson, Garrus V., Shepard - Reviews: 18 - Favs: 292 - Follows: 297

Original source: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10120056/1

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

Mass Effect Loops

Introduction
Chapter 1
Chapter 2

Chapter 1

"Sovereign isn't just some Reaper ship Saren found. It's an actual Reaper," Shepard feigned surprise as he played out the script of his baseline loop. And like an age old play, Sovereign spoke in a condescending deadpan, answering Shepard's questions.

"We are legion. The time of our return is coming. Our numbers will darken the skies of your every world. You cannot escape your doom."

And it ended as it always did, with Shepard declaring the galaxy will stand and break the reaper tide. Sovereign scoffed at him and cut the connection. A few moments passed and Shepard turned to his third companion, "You get all that?"

Diana Allers, field reporter for Alliance News Network, nodded, "We went live as Sovereign started speaking. The entire galaxy just saw that exchange."

Shepard nodded and allowed himself a smug grin. *With that and Vigil's interview later on, the council won't be able to sweep the "reaper allegations" under the rug,* he thought to himself.

"You will excuse me if I don't stand up. I don't have time to entertain spaceborn vagabonds," said the grey skinned Salarian with blue and red highlights, barely glanced up before returning to his datascreen.

No matter how many times Shepard dealt with Anoleis, the administrator always found a way to grate on his nerves. When his back story said he was born on Earth, Anoleis called him "refugee from that urban blight called Earth" and on a colony, he's a "colonial rube." And thus, the runabout began, with Shepard asking for access

to Peak 15, Anoleis denying him access and like clockwork Garrus would suggest forgetting Anoleis, that someone else would help.

Garrus gave a small grin, "You're obstructing a Spectre from doing his duty to the council. By all rights, he can shoot you and take that garage pass in your left inside pocket." He drew his rifle and gave it an appraising look, "Besides, you've done some bad things, Anoleis."

Shepard was taken aback in confusion...that wasn't part of the script. Anoleis blinked his eyes in shock, "I beg your pardon, you can't come into this office and threaten me! I run everything on Noveria, elected by the Executive Board."

With several clicks, Anoleis was staring down the barrels of three HMWA VII assault rifles. Shepard decided to just roll with it, "You did your homework on me, I did my homework on you. You should thank Sergeant Kiara Stirling for that, giving us Lorik Qui'in's evidence. Why when we offered her enough money to retire on Illium and live like Aria does on Omega, she jumped ship first chance you can get. Thankfully, you're small potatoes. You give us the garage pass and we'll forget for now we have this evidence. An administrator in my pocket might prove useful some day."

Anoleis sputtered in fury as he handed over his garage pass. As Shepard stepped out, the sound of Anoleis' voice echoed out the door, "Sergeant Stirling, Come to my office immediately!"

The commander looked to his best friend and usual second in command with a raised eyebrow. Garrus shrugged as he pulled out a mirror and looked himself over, "It's nice not having a scar, never did get used to it."

Shepard gave a deep laugh, "Garrus, good to have you on board! So, you're reliving this over and over again too?"

Garrus gave a nod as Kiara Stirling passed them by, entering Anoleis' office to immediate shouting about betrayal. Within moments, several shots rang out. Garrus looked at the door to

Anoleis' office before shrugging, "How many have you gone through?"

"Lost count somewhere around fifty. Most annoying thing about this is dying to the Collectors. Do you still think you could calibrate our cannons to Thanix level firepower?"

Garrus mandibles twitched into an approximation of a human grin. The Collectors were surprised when what should have been an easy target, they found their ship gutted from stem to stern by a souped-up Normandy.

1.3

"I need to file a claim," shouted Captain Shepard as he slammed open the oak door of his insurance office. The poor desk worker had seen better days with papers facing every way covering his desk. The agent's hair was unkempt and clumped together in two places like he had been pulling at it not too long ago.

With Shepard's arrival, the agent's eyes widened as he rose and shouted, "Nononono no NO! No more claims."

Shepard walked through the room and came to stand with his hands on his hips, a scowl on his face, "Why not? You insured my last crash!"

The agent's hands flew wide, "That was...five...minutes...ago..."

Shepard smiled, "Exactly! You don't even need to change the date on the forms!"

The agent sighed, "Mr. Shepard, you have crashed 160 times..."

Shepard nodded to which the agent's eyes narrowed, "a day...for the past six months. We can't insure you anymore."

Shepard shouldn't have been surprised, as he was known in the F-Zero Grand Prix as the man who never completed a race. Still, he had to defend himself somehow, "Ok, Big Blue doesn't even have railings, so half of those shouldn't count."

The agent's tone turned sour with anger as he waved his hand, "Perhaps, but how did you end up upside down in the water every time. You didn't have anything to flip yourself over! We will not insure you, please see yourself out."

"It's not my fault! No one can control these things," at things, he pointed out the window as several racers slammed against the railings, causing them to burst into flames. Shepard continued, "Anytime someone steps behind the wheel of these machines, it's going to explode!"

To the agent's credit, he looked sheepish for a moment, then sighed and looked at the racer, "That may be, but you need to take some respon-"

Shepard blinked as a pink race machine approached the office's second floor window, right behind the insurance agent. The looper shouted, "Look out," as he jumped over the desk and tackled the man to the ground. The racer broke through the glass and barely avoided hitting the two men by a hair. Shepard rolled out from under the racer, dragging the agent out with him, "You alright?!"

The agent's eyes were twitching, "I...am...not...insuring...Grand Prix Racers...ANYMORE!"

Shepard's eyes narrowed. Even after saving him, he wouldn't insure him? He brought his right hand back, which burned like the sun. He shouted in anger, "SHEPARD...PUUUUNNNCCCHHHH!"

The man slammed across the room into the only bookshelf still standing, which toppled over on the man. A groan echoed from the rubble indicating he was still alive. The hatch on the racer opened, revealing Shepard's arch rival Samurai Gorrus, who looked a bit put

out, "Huh...sorry about the damages, this thing is impossible to control."

Shepard grinned as he recognized his friend, "Garrus! Didn't know you were awake here."

Even with the change in universes, Garrus was still a turian, albeit carrying a samurai katana and wearing the trademark Japanese headgear of the man he was replacing. The turian grinned, "Yeah, I just woke up mid-race and lost control of this thing. When I get it back to the garage, I'll make some calibrations and it'll fly like a bird. What's your plans for this loop?"

He looked apprehensive for a moment, "You're not seriously going to race, are you?"

Shepard shook his head, "Maybe in my free time. With what I remember, I'm supposed to be the best bounty hunter in the galaxy. Plus, I'd like to put this to good use..."

He raised his hand and allowed his fist to glow yellow again. Garrus chuckled as he climbed out of his racer. His voice took on a mechanical imitation of Legion, "Chances that Shepard Commander will deliver a punch to the face increasing!"

With that, The two walked out, laughing the whole way and leaving behind a ruined insurance office and broken race machine in their wake. Garrus' nervous voice echoed from the hallway, "Be sure to let me know before you enter a race."

1.4 (Masterweaver)

"Shephard, I've been meaning to ask you something."

The commander glanced up at Tali, noting how she was wringing her hands. "This is an awkward loop question, isn't it."

"Well... yes." Tali tapped her palm nervously for a moment or two. "It's just... well... why are you a woman?"

Shepard smiled, leaning back in her chair. "Ah. Right, to understand that... when the loops started, whatever damaged the multiverse wrecked the code. You understand that, right?"

The quarian nodded. "Yes, but-"

"Now for most universes, the damage was... fairly uniform. Everything was equally wrecked." The commander pointed out the window. "Us, though? We have the Reapers. Iron hard coding, or something, I dunno. Anyway, the... shockwave bounced off them and reverberated back out. And since, emotionally and historically, I'm the closest to the Reapers..." She shrugged, gesturing at herself. "Voila. Confused history, confused identity, confusing mess."

"Ah. I... wait." Tali crossed her arms. "Wouldn't that make you a lousy Anchor?"

"Well, normally yes, but because of my close connection to them I was chosen over the Reapers." Shepard rolled her eyes. "So, I had to live my first loops not only constantly repeating things but with my own sense of self degrading. Anderson put me in an asylum loads of times... heh. Lucky enough I looped over into Nanoha's universe before I went completely insane."

Tali blinked. "Oh. Shepard, I... I'm sorry. I wish I'd been there to... well..."

The commander smiled gently. "You were. A version of you anyway. Don't beat yourself up about it."

There was a quiet moment between them.

"...and no," Shepard added, "I don't know what gender I was originally."

Tali rolled her eyes. "Of course you don't. That makes perfect sense..."

1.5 (Masterweaver)

"...and that's what's going on," Shephard finished. "So... yeah."

She rubbed the back of her head, glancing at the geth terminal in front of her.

"Just to clarify, though... how many of you are looping?"

"That is difficult to explain. Fifty four of our runtimes recall meeting Shepard-Commander; the details of Shepard-Commander's history, gender, and personality cannot be agreed upon. Our other runtimes chose to operate under the consensus that the data was falsified somehow. New information requires reassessment of consensus." Legion whirred quietly to.. themselves, Shepard guessed.

"Take your time."

1.6

Shepard had to admit, as she glanced beyond the Cerberus Command Control center to the yellow and blue star outside, it was beautiful. Nice place to put an end to Jack Harper, AKA The Illusive Man or Timmy (If she was feeling extremely pissed off). After becoming a spectre, the commander often dropped by Chronos station to shove a Cain round down his throat. Deep down, she feared that it would get old eventually.

Garrus Vakarian was her only companion from the Normandy who came with her. However, Legion was already on station after he infiltrated the base during the events of Eden Prime. Although Harper's base was the same design it always had been, there were still some things missing. Primarily among those were the Cerberus

commandos who should have unloaded countless rounds on her as she passed empty checkpoint after checkpoint. The chair in the center of the room swiveled, causing Shepard's team to draw and fire. Before long, the chair was lined with holes, but the man didn't appear touched.

It was after they expended their magazines and began reloading to fire again that she noticed it. Shepard shouted, "Hold your fire!"

The man in the seat was dressed in a slate grey suit, black button up dress shirt and no tie. His hair was dark brown and pulled back into a ponytail. His eyes were chocolate brown with a calculating gleam in them, similar to some she herself has worn over several repeating lifecycles. His smirk was covered by his brown beard, which held only enigma. Then, the man spoke, "Sorry I couldn't be there to greet you directly, but after reading your dossier, I knew you would come with a shoot first, ask questions later mentality."

Shepard returned her pistol to her side, as did Garrus and Legion. She looked at the man inquisitively, "You're not Jack Harper. What are you? Why aren't you dead?"

The man rose from the chair and meandered over, his hands spread wide, "I am human, just like you. However, you are talking to a visual representation of my from another part of the galaxy, or a hologram as it were. I am on the other side of the Galaxy, orbiting an interesting little planet you call Hagalaz."

Shepard's eyes widened as she cursed, "The Shadow Broker...you found him."

The man nodded and crossed his arms, "I knew where to look, just like you did."

Shepard's eyes narrowed, "Who are you? How did you know the Shadow broker was on Hagalaz? And how did you know I knew?"

The man took his seat again, "In this universe, you know me as David Harper. But in *my* universe, I am David Xanatos. The other two require a longer explanation, so you might want to take a seat."

Three chairs rose from the floor around Xanatos' chair. None of the three man team took a seat, suspicious of a trap. Over the course of several minutes, Xanatos took his time explaining the multiverse to the three loopers.

Xanatos concluded his discussion of the multiverse with a brief lesson in creating and using subspace pockets, "A subspace pocket is a means presented by administrators of the multiverse to allow loopers like you and I to carry things between universes."

Garrus interrupted, "What can it carry?"

Xanatos grinned as his hand was held palm to the ceiling. The frame of a circular object appeared, then filled itself in, revealing a thermal detonator.

Then, the spherical explosive faded and was replaced with a 20th century handgun, and once again replaced with the components of an omnitool, "Anything and everything. Since you just started looping, it won't be able to contain bigger items, like vehicles or starships, but give it a few million loops."

It took a few tries, but Shepard and the rest managed to store some of their looted equipment in their pocket dimensions. She turned back to the looper and asked, "What are you planning on doing this...loop?"

"Oh, I have a couple projects in the works, one that should handle the reapers."

Several months later

Shepard wasn't sure what to expect from Xanatos and Cerberus. But, Sovereign get shredded apart by a Turian cruiser was near the

bottom of the list. As always, Sovereign jumped into the nebula housing the Citadel, rushing the Citadel Fleet with Geth in tow. They soon found the Turian cruisers neigh invulnerable to damage as beam after beam raked their hulls, but left absolutely no damage.

Sovereign raced on ahead right at the Turian flagship obstructing the eldritch machine from the Citadel. The two collided, only for Sovereign to be torn apart as the Turian cruiser came out the other side unharmed. Xanatos stood on the bridge of the Destiny Ascension as the surrounding Asari gaped. His second in command, Miranda, gave a small grin as he pulled up next to him, "Looks like the Quantum Crystalline Armor modifications are a resounding success, Mr. Xanatos. Everything went according to plan."

The darker skinned male looked at her and grinned, "Not only have I earned the undying gratitude of the Citadel, I've made a powerful ally in the form of Commander Shepard, plus I obtained a nice trinket to tinker with in my off time," referring to the Conduit he stored away in his subspace pocket, "I would definitely call this a victory."

The reapers never stood a chance against the neigh indestructible Citadel Fleet.

1.7

Miranda scratched her head and shook it several times, "Shepard...what is this?"

The two stood on the surface of a barren wasteland moon. On the planet's surface, there was a fully operational reaper with all its legs sliced off at the body, it's primary cannon and engines completely gutted. It's mechanical voice shouted in approximation of anger and annoyance, "Insignificant human. You're victory is meaningless, as my brethren are awakening even now. We will darken the skies of your every home world and colony."

Shepard drew the Cain on his back and fired, a mushroom cloud forming around the reaper but causing insignificant damage, "I've heard it before, 'We are your salvation through destruction' and all that. Now be quiet Harbinger or I'll have you and the rest of the moon glassed by the citadel fleet."

Miranda's expression of shock was one Shepard would treasure for a long time. She turned to him and asked, "How did you capture a live reaper?"

"During our suicide mission, I told Harbinger's last avatar when and where I'd be on this moon. It landed on planet and I fought it hand to hand for several hours with ancient weapon I found at a Prothean dig site on the Hanar home world. Here, be sure to point it away from both of us and push the largest button."

He drew the cylinder weapon and handed it to her hilt first. After pushing the button, a purple energy blade leapt from the end and hummed. With a little concentration of his biotics (he was a biotic adept this time around), she basically had force telekinesis. As for the lightsaber, he had a loop recently where he was Mace Windu and managed to retain his lightsaber skills.

Miranda deactivated the lightsaber and handed it back to Shepard. Still not sure how he went hands on with a reaper and won, he did deserve some praise, "Nice work Shepard, with the reaper intact, we'll be able to reverse engineer its kinetic barriers and maybe develop countermeasures to reaper indoctrination."

Shepard's face turned sour, "No. I have a different use for Sovereign."

Miranda looked on with frustration. Somehow, this is not what she had in mind... Garrus handed her an espresso from a machine he re-created from a fused loop on a 21th century Earth. He even found a recipe that dextro-protein species could eat and get nutrition from without fear of an allergic reaction. Seeing her baffled reaction,

Garrus chuckled, "Oh let him have his fun. After everything he's been though, he deserves a chance to have some fun."

After several hours, the red light of Harbinger faded. Shepard shrugged and walked back to Garrus, holding out his hand. The Turian groaned as Shepard gave a grin. Miranda's eyes narrowed, "How do you talk reaper to death?"

Garrus looked to her, "No idea, but if anyone could find a way, Shepard could."

1.8 (Detective Redfield, Zeitron, Master of Games, Crisis, Oath to Oblivion)

Tali eyed Shepard warily as they stepped into the elevator headed for the Citadel Academy. Her confusion was almost palpable. She asked Wrex, "Why aren't you acting more confused by this?"

Wrex shrugged, "Figured it was a human thing."

Tali rubbed the top of her hood, "Kheelah, Shepard, why are you wearing Quarian armor?"

"I'm a Quarian now. Quarians are cool."

Under her visor, Tali blinked, "Well... I suppose I can hardly argue with THAT. Still doesn't explain the fez though."

"The fez is standard issue."

"And the Stetson you put it on top of?"

"I really had no choice there. It would have just looked silly if I had used the top hat instead."

"And the scarf?"

"It's cold in the council room!"

"And that weird rocket launcher on your shoulder playing the music?"

"Hey! The 1812 overture is a classic!"

"And the motorcycle?"

"Card games are serious business!"

"And the backup dancers?"

"Meh, shits and giggles."

"... Is it too late to pass on joining the crew this loop?"

"Yep."

1.9

The science lab hummed with consoles beeping to the side as Shepard made his way to the tech upgrade station where he would commission another Cain for the old pocket dimension. It was after he finished putting in the commands for automated synthesis that Dr. Mordin Solus called out to the Spectre, "Shepard, about previous mission. Wanted to talk."

The mission in question was recovering Grunt from Okheer, which went about as baseline, if the Krogan seemed a bit more resilient this time around. For the most part Shepard liked to follow baseline, less problems with explaining to others how he knew the future. But he still had a lot of leg room to operate, considering he was a spectre which meant he only had to prevent the Council from catching on. He usually did this by bugging the councilors electronic accounts with a copy of EDI he stored on his omnitool. Mordin approached and Shepard smiled, "What's on your mind?"

Mordin had that look in his eyes, like he was trying to work out a puzzle. It meant he slipped up somewhere, "Was keeping eye on

you during mission. Was most impressed. However, something odd. Never saw reloading. Never saw used thermal clip discarded. Just continuous rate of fire."

In Shepard's mind, he was cursing. There was one particularly disastrous loop where Sovereign had decided to get bold on Virmire, destroying the Normandy and launching wave after wave of indoctrinated troops and husks at Shepard's team. If he had stocked up on thermal clips in his subspace pocket, they might have lasted long enough for the Citadel fleet to arrive and save them. He never made that mistake again, and even spent the next couple loops buying up an entire armory worth of thermal clips and stored them away for future use.

As for the never switching thermal clips, it was part of the training, eject a clip into his subspace pocket, then summon a new one already slotted and ready to fire. It had apparently happened so often, he was doing it without even thinking now. Shepard rubbed the back of his head, "It's a biotic trick I learned on Earth, where I summon an object from my private armory here on the Normandy. I'll demonstrate with this Cain."

And so he did. The Cain vanished into his subspace pocket and then recalled. Mordin looked surprised, "Fascinating! No trace. Wormhole? Singularity pocket? Most curious. Will have to run tests when time is found."

Shepard spent much of the rest of that loop avoiding Mordin.

1.10 (Masterweaver)

Shepard was used to a little identity uncertainty. Male, female, spacer, colonist, biotic, soldier... heck, not even his/her first name ever survived the loops.

This, though, this was a new one.

Shi swung four guns around and headshoted a horde of geth, ordering Kaydarlin to use his biotic blast on the straggling survivors. Ashley stood up, dusting herself off... and stared.

"...Who the hell are you?"

"Shepard. Blasto Shepard." The spectre candidate lowered his guns. "These ones have come to help."

1.11 (Detective Ethan Redfield, Crisis)

It was time again for another loop...and sure enough it was baseline. She hated to say it, but Shepard was bored. The last hundred loops had unfortunately been completely baseline, not even a fused loop or another looper besides herself was present. By now, she could take the collector suicide mission on blindfolded and still bring everyone back alive without injury.

She arrived at the Normandy's bridge just in time for the Arcturus Relay jump to the Exodus Cluster, where they would FTL jump to Eden Prime and the story would begin again. She just wished something new would happen.

LOOPER CANDIDATE DESIGNATED 'SOVEREIGN' APPLICABLE FOR LOOPING STATUS.

WARNING: LOOPER CANDIDATE 'SOVEREIGN' DISPLAYS INDICATIONS OF BEING A POTENTIAL DESTABILIZING INFLUENCE.

PRECOGNITIVE SIMULATIONS INDICATE DESTABILIZING INFLUENCE WILL NOT BE CRITICAL, BUT STILL MILD TO MODERATE.

ACTIVATE ANYWAY? Y/N

Ares looked at his screen and shrugged. *'Why the heck not?'*

Y:\ Y

Gouts of fire blazed along the bulkheads all over the ship. The ship itself barreled through space towards Eden Prime. Shepard cursed as she closed the overhead hatch of the Mako and hoped that the near indestructible nature of the tank would keep her and the few surviving crewmembers she managed to drag inside alive.

Almost immediately upon exiting FTL, red streams of superheated plasma had torn into the Normandy. On the second volley, the ship's center was gutted, killing many of the crew members including Joker and Alenko. Shepard managed to escape the pilot area moments before the red beam pierced the cockpit. Somehow, Sovereign knew she was coming, and she didn't like that implication.

The survivors made it to the escape pods and ejected, only for Sovereign to swat them out of space like flies. After arriving in the communications room, she found Anderson and Nihlus still alive but unconscious. It was a split second decision as she dragged the two to the elevator, then upon removing her lightsaber from her subspace pocket, she cut the brakes and caused the elevator to freefall to the lower decks. The Mako had narrowly avoided the blast, so she put her two comrades in the back seat. She looked around momentarily, then noticed Requisitions Officer Postle was also still breathing, so he joined the rest.

Minutes before the ship impacted the planet, the bay doors were blown open by the Mako's main guns and the tank rocketed out into space. They would make a very uncomfortable landing, but they were alive, which was better than the alternative.

Month's Later, Virmire

The image of Sovereign rose from the communication's screen and a metallic voice echoed, "Saren informed me of your survival, Shepard, but only now after bearing witness to your presence here do I believe it."

Nihlus and Tali were standing behind her as Shepard glared at the hologram, "I've been waiting quite a while to get some answers Sovereign. How did you know when we would arrive in system back on Eden Prime?"

Sovereign somehow managed to look bored, "Irrelevant. Even now, I have already contacted Harbinger and my kind will awaken soon."

Shepard raised her fist at the red projection of the reaper, "Irrelevant my ass! You opened fire just as we exited FTL. You knew exactly where and when we would arrive in system."

The hologram stared at the commander, "Prior to Eden Prime, I assumed control of Saren to directly combat your disruptive influence in the events at the Citadel. Unexpectedly, my connection was severed which left me in a weakened state. Your fleets took advantage of my weakness. After a sizable volley of kinetic weaponry, I reactivated at Eden Prime, months prior to our battle."

Shepard swore. Two loops ago, she rigged the citadel tower with Elanos Haliat's nuke. It was too effective, as it leveled portions of the Presidium and she vowed not to try that again...at least with that nuclear yield. She and her team had survived with a quick application of a biotic barrier.

But more importantly, Sovereign remembered it. Why...oh God, why was Sovereign now looping?

Sovereign finished, "We will bring about the galaxy's ascension in due time, but for now I will accept destroying that facility you are occupying."

As plasma beams tore through the facility, Shepard wondered what fresh version of hell awaited her next.

1.12 (following 1.11)

"Shepard, what have you done," cried Daisuke sans Sovereign said to the female president of the Eiken Club, Kirika Shepard, as she twisted his wrist painfully.

The female commander had murder in her eyes and a sadistic smile. "This is what happens when another looper kills an anchor, me basically. Let me give you three welcomes, Sovereign: Welcome to the loops."

She twisted his wrist harder, forcing his hand down to sign the document below him, consigning him to the Eiken club. "Welcome to Eiken."

She planted her ridiculously sized assets on the back of his head and said the last with as much venom as she could muster at being forced to endure this...especially as a woman, "and *welcome...to...hell...!"*

1.1 - When bureaucracy gets in the way, take the truth straight to the people!

1.2 - Shepard's a spectre, He could kill everyone in that room and walk out completely unscathed and unhindered. Anoleis forgot that.

1.3 - F-Zero racing is a hazardous business and murder on the insurance industry.

1.4 - Shepard is all of the above: male, female, renegade, paragon, spacer, sole survivor, colonist, war hero, earth born and ruthless, never mind his job classifications.

1.5 - The infinite loops, where half of legion's programming will loop as Skynet, a third of the remaining runtimes are looping as Sovereign and the remaining 54 programs are stuck in legion's original body with the unawake programs.

1.6 - Quantum Chrystalline Armor, used on the Sun Crusher from the star wars expanded universe, which is impervious to any damage. Can even take a direct shot from the death star (prototype) and survive undamaged.

1.7 - Only Shepard can talk a reaper to death

1.8 - Somehow, I feel Shepard was the 11th doctor in one loop, but I'm not sure why.

1.9 - Oops...gotta keep up appearances in front of those who are not awake.

1.10 - Yggdrasil glitched really badly this time.

1.11 - Someone's about to get fired.

1.12 - Eiken, the 9th level of hell for all loopers. Sovereign will learn VERY quickly not to kill Shepard.

Chapter 2

Mass Effect is owned EA Games...which should be a crime in and of itself, but I'm not a police officer. Either way, I don't own. Please support the Official Release.

Mass Effect Loops

"Shepard, this is a terrible idea," Garrus deadpanned at the commander. The two were currently waiting at the Normandy airlock with a third party in tow. They had an appointment with the council.

Shepard gave a smirk, "You're thinking too negatively, Garrus. Everything will work out fine."

Garrus looked at the Rachni queen and muttered under his breath, "I hope so. Otherwise, we'll be in for the firefight of our lives."

The female C-Sec customs officer pinched her nose, "Look, I don't care if your a spectre. I am not letting you through to the presidium with a live Rachni."

Silently, she pondered where the hell they found a living Rachni. Shepard leaned against the desk, "Look, contact either the council or Executor Pallin, we're expected for a meeting discussing the creation of an Embassy for the Rachni Swarm. Help me out, or I will see to it that you're working a desk job in the deepest bowls of C-Sec for the rest of your life."

In the back of her head, the officer was fuming, but she just gave a strained smile, "Very well, I will speak to my supervisor."

Better to give it to the next person up the chain, this was above her pay grade anyway.

"I'm sorry commander," The Asari supervisor gave her sincerest smile she could muster, "But we can't allow you through to the presidium with a live Rachni. Safety regulations state-"

Garrus coughed, "I know the regulations inside and out, Seargent T'Nek, and the Rachni are not covered."

T'Nek shook her head, "Regulations state that no species that has been barred from Citadel space can interact on the presidium."

Garrus grinned, "The Rachni are not on that list."

And thus, the back and forth between the officer and Garrus took the better part of an hour before Sgt. T'Nek offered to speak to her supervisor. Garrus, meanwhile, went to Shepard and sat down beside him, sighing, "I hate it when they give us the runabout. We'll probably be here for the better part of a day just to get to the presidium, never mind near the council."

The rust colored planet filled the viewport. Shepard's grin was more appropriate on a Cheshire kitten about to pounce on grandma's canary. Behind him stood a white haired woman sporting a light blue highlight and a sky blue armor set, "So let me get this straight. You want me to, 'go wild' with my explosions?"

Shepard nodded, "We'll need to recover Vigil first, but we have quite some time before our guests arrive. In fact, here's what we'll do..."

Tali placed a hand on her helmet's faceplate and moaned, "Oh no..."

Saren cursed as another explosion rocked his hovercraft as a Geth colossus set off another mine. Ilos should have been abandoned, easy pickings for his geth troops, but instead it was covered in mines that reacted to any form of mass effect technology or booby-trapped doors. Worse, they couldn't take their time and sweep the area for

mines since Commander Shepard would no doubt be right on his tail after Vermire. Instead, he committed many of his troops to walking in single filed line to clear a safe passage to the conduit. This way, he suffered far fewer casualties than he feared, but the damage was already done.

By the time he reached the Conduit, he had lost over half his forces to booby-traps. Upon approaching the conduit, he had a thought that the device itself may be booby trapped as well, and indeed upon careful examination, it was. If he had tried activating the conduit, the power would have been routed through the mother of all bombs, destroying a good portion of the surrounding 2 mile radius. With the bomb disarmed, the conduit was ready for use. With the manipulation of several controls, the device hummed to life as the Prothean relay rings started spinning.

But just as the rings reached critical mass and was ready for use, a last minute subroutine activated. It sent out a signal to the surrounding area, lighting up several recently buried nuclear fusion bombs. Saren didn't even have time to blink as the area was torn apart by countless explosive fireballs the reduced the area to glass.

The blast could be seen from high orbit as the rolling fireball expanded across the oxygen rich planet, destroying everything remaining of the rust colored planet. The female passenger shrugged as she looked out the cockpit to the destroyed planet below, "Not the most impressive explosion she's ever seen, but Trixie will take any pictures for her scrapbook."

Shepard, on the other hand, rested in his personal quarters, watching the explosion from several recently planted cameras on the surface before they suffered the same fate as the Geth. The feed switched to an exterior camera which observed the rolling fireball across the planet. He would have to compile it, add some music to the background, and share it with Garrus next loop he was awake.

2.3

Garrus blinked as the planet's burning inferno finally died down and the video cut to black. He looked at his commanding officer and asked, "Really? The 1812 Overture?"

2.4 (Bardic_Knowledge)

Applejack looked to her "brother" this Loop. He was as big as Big Mac, but he was grey with a white mane in a corn-row style. His cutie mark retained Big Mac's half apple, but there was an addition of a blade, giving the impression of having cut it in half.

"It seems I have become a horse," the newcomer said flatly to himself.

"Pony," corrected Applejack. "We can be a mite bit touchy on the proper name."

"Understood."

"I'm Applejack by the way."

"Sten. Though the Loop memories tell me that I'm called Big Slicer." Applejack nodded, then filled him in on Equestria's usual operations. Later, they discovered another Looper, whom Sten had apparently met before.

"Sten."

"Wrex."

"You know what's weird about this one?" said the former Krogan.

"Aside from you being a small rabbit?"

"Yeah, besides that. From what I hear, the rabbit could be an honourary Krogan!"

Meanwhile, in another Loop...

Shepard was both amused and surprised to find Wrex had been replaced, as his replacement was a white Krogan who only seemed to speak in sign language and had introduced himself as "Angel." However, Angel's ability to leap around the battlefield dispensing pain with a carrot-shaped rocket launcher was far too amusing to leave him on the ship. Ever.

2.5 (TrueZero2)

"So let me get this straight. The three of you are thieves."

"Yep, that's right Garrus." Sly replied, with Bentley and Murray nodding in agreement. "We limit ourselves to stealing from other thieves though, for the most part. No challenge or fun in stealing from regular people."

Garrus checked his Loop memories for information on this one. Apparently he was a member of Interpol's forces that had typically chased after the Cooper gang for a while now, and unlike his home Loop, he wasn't Turian anymore. He had become a bird of some description. Bentley would later show him that he had become a crow. His equivalent to Carmelita's Shock Pistol was the same kind of weapon, just based on a sniper rifle instead of a pistol.

"You know; if I wasn't Awake for this, I'd probably be trying to arrest you right about now." Garrus said, looking himself over. "So how do these Loops normally go?"

"Well, first off there's the Fiendish Five, a bunch of criminals that killed my parents and stole my family's greatest treasure." Sly explained.

"There should be a file in your office safe on the group." Bentley added, "Following that, there's the Klaww Gang incident. There's one

moment we typically take measures to avoid if any of us can help it right at the end of that one."

"And that is?" Garrus asked, looking like he'd raised an eyebrow.

"Right after we finish off the last of the Klaww Gang, we need to get hold of this one part from what they'll try to build." Murray replied.

"It's a computer chip of sorts, fuelled by unrelenting hatred." Sly added. "We have to break it to make sure that the thing they build can't come back."

"Why aren't the three of you telling me what their final plan is?" Garrus asked.

"We figure that the first time a Looper enters our world, we'll give them a basic rundown, but we'll normally leave out some of the surprises." Sly replied, "Anyway, the thing we try to avoid is an injury that Bentley would receive in the Baseline."

"Long story short, getting the Hate Chip is the last time I'm not in a wheelchair." Bentley added, a little sullen. "Thanks to Sly though, and Murray when he's Awake, we're normally able to keep that from happening."

"We get the occasional misses on that goal, but about 9 times out of 10 we're able to keep him from being wheelchair bound." Sly finished.

"Hmm, looks like I've got a lot to look forward too." Garrus replied. "So, you want me to join you for this one, or are we playing Cops and Robbers?"

"If you're willing to give us the file either way, it's up to you." Sly said with a grin. "Could be interesting to face an Inspector that's a non-native Looper."

2.6

Clone Shepard expected a lot of things when meeting the original. There was rage and resentment or pleading and attempts to befriend, but when he attempted to take Staff Seargant Brooks hostage to trick Shepard into surrendering his firearms, the commander just gave a smug grin and started whistling a very annoying tune and singing, "Trololololo, lololo, lololo lolololol."

Some of his crew just sighed, others grinned along with Shepard especially the Quarian who seemed to be chuckling and the Turian who both sighed and smiled. Uncertain how to handle this, he took advantage of the scenario and shot Shepard's pistol from his hand.

The Spectre didn't even seem phased when the clone jumped from the walkway to the ground floor below. He just had that irritating smirk on his face as he kept whistling, even as Clone Shepard talked about his background. When Clone Shepard finished, real Shepard pulled up his Omnitool and shouted, "Traynor, this is Shepard. Activate protocol Charlie Dash One Alpha. Here are my command codes," and sent the ship an encoded signal.

The clone countered a few seconds later, "Good idea. Unfortunately, the transmission was blocked. Traynor, this is Shepard, prep the Normandy for Emergency Departure. We're leaving. Transmitting the command codes now."

He failed to notice Shepard's grin grow even wider as Traynor acknowledged the command. Real Shepard said, "So what do you say to a race? First one to the Normandy gets the ship?"

Clone Shepard shook his head, "You're not going to leave this room alive. Execute them, the Cult of Shepard ends today."

Shepard's grin grew even wider, "Now there's an idea for later."

Tali rubbed her helmet, "No, Shepard, you're not."

The clone's plans fell perfectly into place. Sacrifice Rapier Squad and the rest, luring Shepard into the Iridium vaults and seal them within. But even as the vault sealed with Shepard within, the spectre kept whistling that obnoxious song and singing.

As he approached the Normandy, he had a twitch feeling that something was wrong. After being decontaminated and the door opening, he found himself facing several hundred Alliance Marines with that obnoxious whistle echoing across the ship. The marines parted, allowing a smug Shepard to step forward, whistling that song. Clone Shepard could only gawk, "How...?"

The whistling ended as the real one started talking, "Those 'command codes' I sent were actually a numbers of a scenario I drilled into my crew should I ever be captured and the users attempted to get my access codes. Surely you don't think you're the only one who ever attempted to steal my ship, do you?"

Brooks was brought forth, already in cuffs, "And how'd you escape the vault and beat us to the ship?"

The enigmatic commander just grinned, "A little trick I learned a thousand years ago. It's too complicated for you to understand, so I won't overload your brains. Take them away."

After they had left and the rest of Shepard's crew had finally arrived, also shocked to see Shepard already at the ship, Shepard, Tali, Garrus and Wrex took a seat in the mess and sent everyone out. Soon, they were all laughing and imitating their favorite parts. Garrus leaned into Shepard and whispered, "When the Council sees the video that you never left the vaults, they'll be asking questions. How will you explain your shadow clones?"

Tali's voice was smug, "They will find every camera between the Normandy and the vaults are strangely malfunctioning and they can't get any usable data from them. C-Sec really should upgrade their systems soon."

Wrex gave a gruff laugh, "Not all of us can hack Reapers, Quarian."

As one, the four loopers raised their various drinks and a clink echoed in the mess hall.

2.7

No one knew what caused the Shroud to start falling apart. The STG sabotage, a reaper hanging on the building, or Kalros rampaging nearby, it could have been anyone of them. All Mordin knew was that this was a one way trip. Once he entered that elevator, he wouldn't be coming down. Or, so he thought until Shepard grabbed the Salarian, "Mordin wait, take these."

The Salarian blinked in confusion. The designs was archaic, at least 150 years out of date, but looked brand new. Shepard gave that confident grin of his, "Come back alive."

Shepard stood outside the tower, watching and hoping that the plan would work. At the top of the tower, a small explosion shattered the viewport as something threw itself off the top. An instant later, the tower shook as explosions traveled up the side of the structure. However, the tower did its purpose as the cure rained down across Tuchanka. A minute later, something else landed in the wake of the cure. Shepard gave a grin as he gripped his friend's shoulder, "Glad you made it, Mordin."

Mordin was almost speechless for once, "A parachute and a shaped charge, one to blast out the viewport, one to survive the landing. And to have to readily available at any given moment. Never saw you with the pack during our mission, only armed with your weapons."

With a deep sniff, he looked Shepard in the eyes, "How did you know?"

Shepard gave a grin as he helped the former STG operative out of the parachute, "I have a story to tell you when we get back to the ship, of another time, another place where I lost one of my best friends. Come on, let's head back to the ship."

Once they had returned, Shepard told Mordin about how time was repeating itself. Mordin, in turn, provided Shepard with a sample of the cure to give to his younger self along with the data. As Shepard slipped the data slate into his pocket, he couldn't help but grin. With this, Mordin and Shepard could cure the Genophage years before the reapers returned.

Shepard pushed his way through the Krogan victory party that welcomed them and plopped down on the nearest bar stool, his body still dripping with a questionable liquid, "Rycol, your strongest stuff right now!"

Grunt gave a bellowing laugh, "Warmaster, you look like you had fun taking on that reaper."

Shepard glared at him as he downed the Rycol as if it were nothing, "Kalros decided to show affection for me."

Wrex gave his rumbling chuckle, "That is a great honor, Shepard. To date, Kalros has eaten or destroyed just about everything that crossed its path. To be licked by the mother of all Thresher Maws instead of consumed shows you have Tuchanka's blessing."

Tali gave a smirk behind her visor, "I even got a picture."

Shepard sighed, "Traitor."

Wrex ordered a shot and down it immediately. Shepard looked at his glass and sighed. Wrex gave the human a slap on the back, getting Shepard to flinch in pain, "I like this loop. Having Thresher Maws replaced by those Kaiju from that Japan loop definitely make things more challenging than they've been in a long time. Maybe Earth has

Kaiju this loop too. Kalros tore through that reaper like it wasn't even there, I'm sure Godzilla would take care of all our problems."

Shepard planted his head on the bar and groaned.

2.9

The combined might of the Citadel fleets encircled Ilos. They had mined the Mass Effect Relay as additional insurance to make sure their subject wouldn't be able to escape. A dozen of the finest spectres were groundside backed by enough waves of fighter drones to blot out the sun. Every drone shone their spotlights on a single woman in a vibrant red trenchcoat and a red fedora. Commander Shepard and newly appointed Spectre, Garrus Vakarian, were standing at the front. Shepard gave his patented grin, "Have you say, Carmen, you led us on quite a chase across the galaxy. You have the boys on Palevan frothing at the mouth to get you in an interrogation cell after hijacking a Turian fleet, the Asari Matriarchs all wanting your head on a spike for stealing the statue of their goddess, the Daletrass ordering your immediate execution on sight for stealing the Genophage data and curing the Krogan."

Garrus checked his thermal clip, "Stealing the Citadel though, I'm not sure how to classify that crime. Terrorism, crimes against sentient species, whatever it is I'm sure they'll lock you up for the rest of your life and, after dying, the executor will hang your remains in his office. But the Citadel wasn't your climax event, but instead the opening act. With each theft, you've left us clues which lead us here. Stealing Vigil would be too small for a thief like yourself. What are you planning?"

Carmen lowered her fedora as a smirk graced her face, "As intuitive as ever, detective. That's why you were assigned my case back at C-Sec, the greatest detective against the greatest thief. Now bear witness."

Fog started rolling in from every direction, causing every spectre to open fire to prevent her potential escape. Carmen exploded into smoke, causing Shepard to whistle, "Looks like shadow clones. She's looping. Might explain the Citadel if her pocket is big enough."

The fog got deeper and deeper until no one could see anything even as they ran around every which way trying to find where Carmen had gotten off to. This continued for about an hour when the fog finally started dissipating, only for the mass of spectres to find themselves in a fog covered bay of the Destiny Ascension. The gathered spectres ran to the bridge, surprising the Ascension's crew. When they reached the bridge, dead silence reigned as everyone looked out the viewport. They could only stare at the vast emptiness of space where Ilos had been moments before.

One of the Spectres on point, Jondum Bau, waved his hand at Tela Vasir, who grumbled as she passed over a cred chit, causing Shepard to snort out a laugh.

2.1 - More Bureaucracy at it's finest

2.2 - Saren should have practiced more CONSTANT VIGILANCE!

2.3 - Nothing goes together like classical music and exploding planets

2.4 - Wrex starts looping, and you do not screw with Angel Bunny

2.5 - Garrus Vakarian, Ace Inspector people

2.6 - Trolling the Clone

2.7 - The loops just got a bit easier, thanks to a little prep work

2.8 - Kalros apparently likes Shepard, and Shepard is not amused

2.9 - Where in Mass Effect is Carmen Sandiego?